

## Horses and Men and Women Also.



MISS ETHEL CANDEE'S "LADY FAIR"



A.C. BOSTWICK'S "LORD CHESTERFIELD" &amp; "LORD CHUMLY"



MRS. JACQUES BALLINS' "FAYETTE MACCORD"

## Among the Horses the Standard, or American Bred, Takes All the Blue Ribbons.

All the colors at the Horse Show were blended yesterday into one that was violet of Parma. The gowns had all the tints of yellow, green and blue, the flowers had all the glories of Autumn. In the gray light at noon and under the incandescent lamps in the evening the general effect was the same. In explaining it young men and women who lacked ardor and old men and women who derided experience said interesting things.

From one end of the semi-circle of boxes to the other the discussion was intense. A man who had the air of a stranger to them excited it. He asked: "Why is the general this violet?" Some replied: "Because there are more violets than chrysanthemums in the amphitheatre." Others replied: "Because it is the color of imperial modesty, the color of Napoleon the First." A philosopher might have written a beautiful page of the answers that were made.

There was no philosopher, there were only gossipers, gentle, courteous, amusing. One asked, "Was John Pierpont Morgan right to present a rose to a beautiful woman, a moment ago, saying, 'I return a to yourself?' The answer that came from Cornelius Vanderbilt's box to Henry Payne Whitney's was: "From the point of view of form, no; a woman has not the figure of an exfoliated ball. From the point of view of color, yes. Still the prevailing tone was violet."

### A Patriarch's Opinion.

Even George W. Bishop, eighty-six years old, and an attendant at all the Horse Shows from time immemorial, could not tell why, definitely, John Pierpont Morgan spoke charmingly to him, but the old man, gravely, good-humored, in the fashion of Santa Claus, with long white beard and scintillating blue eyes, said: "I speak only of the things that I know. I can tell you who ought to win the blue ribbon, I can tell you the name of every horse and for whom I bought it, and to whom I sold it, and when. But I know nothing else."

What he knew was exact. If he said in advance that a horse would get the blue ribbon and it was only the red he explained the discrepancy by an accident of vanity in the animal, of nervousness in the driver, or of haste in the judges. But Mr. Bishop never said that a horse deserved a place and found afterward that it was not placed at all. His listeners thought of his accuracy not in compliment to him, but to the judges.

His observations were instructive and amusing. He would say: "Here's a man who paid an entrance fee for the privilege of driving in this oval. When he left home he thought he had a wonder, or 'It's 200 to 0 that this horse will get a place. He is worth nothing, but he shows off as if you couldn't buy him for a thousand dollars."

He would address gravely a horse that ran by him, saying: "You sing alto, you don't need a band to tell that you are coming," or "You have mettle that's something like mettle." Once he called a mare by a certain name which was in his memory, and Captain Rawson Turner, passing by, ventured to suggest that the name was so-and-so. The old man was inexpressible. He muttered for fifteen minutes. He guessed he knew. People imagined that horses never changed their names. It must be said that he was right.

### The Grooms' Opinion.

It. W. Rives drove his own Gossyp: Aurel Batonyi, with his chest strapped, because he had a broken rib, drove Hume's Lord Brilliant, and the driver of Tomnoddy, who had neither their ability nor their confidence, won the third prize, while they won nothing. His horse was superior to theirs, of course, but his art of driving was so inferior! The grooms said that he was "Charlie Two-hands"—Charlie is not his name. If anything had happened to his reins, he would have fallen out of his wagon. He had both hands engaged in guiding him, he had not a third hand in reserve. The others held their reins with both hands, too, but one of them was in reserve.

Tomnoddy in this victory made one smile at Buffon's chapter on the horse. The elegant naturalist wrote, "The noblest conquest that man has ever made is the conquest of that intrepid animal," and so forth. Tomnoddy, if he had been conquered by his driver, would have won nothing, and Tomnoddy knew this perfectly. He disobeyed intelligently. The grooms putted him in his stall and he looked at them with eyes that said, "Oh, I can do better than that."

A tall, thin man, who was pompous as if he had been fat, said: "Horses are idiotic. They do only what they are told to. They haven't the inventiveness of

elephants or the self-assertiveness of mules." Charles F. Bates, who was diffident as if he had been thin, said: "You are mistaken. Coxy has not been taught how to resent conversations that are senseless, and he neighs when he hears them." And it was true that Coxy was neighing.

Helrat-Law, winner of the blue ribbon competition in the stallion class, entered his stall with an air that made the groom say, "Yes, I know. You needn't walk over me. I never said you'd be beaten. I'll get your hay as soon as I can. I nursed you when you had a cold, didn't I?" The groom was a grumbler. He would have soiled, but Helrat-Law put his face near his consolingly. The groom explained that Helrat-Law had passing, ephemeral attacks of vanity.

### The Vain Horse's Opinion.

Fashion, that Prescott Lawrence owned, was the vainest horse that ever lived. Fashion strutted in public as if the horses that Automedon led were as snails to him. Helrat-Law's groom hated Fashion for that reason alone, and has no other fear than that Helrat-Law may emulate him. George J. Gould's grooms have a similar fear about Widow. She posed in her stall, covered with a gray blanket and her ankles wrapped before the judges, her appearance was not that of a victor.

The groom said: "She is very affectionate. I never saw her out of temper. She is a lady of refinement. But there are so many idiots around here that you can't blame her if she puts on airs at times." General Benjamin F. Tracy said similar things of his Alvairetta, whose victory made him joyful. He walked through the stalls making mental notes of Alvairetta's neighbors that were absolutely in Alvairetta's favor.

In reality there were no reasons for adverse criticism of the fashionable horses in the stalls. They were, like the fashionable people in the boxes, persons of eminent distinction, and with whom it was easy to live. There was not among them a single figure of genius, disagreeable and ferocious.

"Not a single Carlyle," said Justin Hatfield McCarthy under his breath. He had heard of the Horse Show of New York in London, in Paris, at Venice, and even on the road to Aetna's crater. He had thought of it for years as a something amazing. Still he was

"I had never realized as vividly as I realize now," he said, "that there is ideal grace in horse parading before women. It is form and color, beauty of lines and gestures, splendor of tints, in a symphony, and a prevailing tone is violet. Why? Ask a painter."

Funk appeared, his face still radiant from his pleasure at the success of his portrait of the Contest of Aberdeen. He said: "All beautiful scenes are more or less violet, and there was a circle of beautiful women and grave young men in the presence of him, happy, convinced, satisfied."

## THE TRIUMPH OF THE HARNESS HORSE.

Bred from American Stock, He Carries Off All the Honors of the Show.

By Francis Trevelyan.

The harness horse has been tending toward the domination of the National Horse Show for several years and this year he seems to have got there. This season the harness horse in his various capacities has taken charge. The hunter, saddle horse and hackney have retired into a dim and distant background and the high stepper, more or less ably seconded by his own brother, the roadster, has captured the centre of the stage.

And this is as it should be, though only in one sense. The trotter is the American horse par excellence, but small is the part he plays in the horse show in his original style. The day he was when he was a horse of the high stepper, the opponent and conqueror of full-blooded and half-blooded hackneys. His fall is due to the fact that the show ring, of which the ring-side audience wots not. There are straw yards, in which the trotter, accustomed to the race track, but as yet only fitted by Dame Nature, with a certain gift of lifting his feet, is taught to "shift" his feet until the horse show judges cannot fail to notice him. And there are clay tracks from which the hoofs come with a pop like that of the festive thing he knows, his knees are lifting his nose.

### The Tricks of the Trade.

A horse show seems a simple enough matter to the spectators in the boxes and on the promenade, but there are many things

## AFTERNOON COSTUMES WORN AT THE HORSE SHOW.

[From Descriptions Furnished by a Representative of Everall Bros., No. 258 Fifth Avenue.]

### Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's costume—

Black cloth suit, trimmed about neck and corsage with purple velvet; cape of Russian sable, and hat trimmed with purple velvet and white plumes.

### Miss Virginia Fair's costume—

Magenta cloth suit, with Persian lamb trimmings, hat trimmed with black velvet and magenta plume.

### Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's costume—

Royal purple cloth suit, with trimmings of Russian sable; hat trimmed with Russian sable and black velvet.

### Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs's costume—

Purple cloth suit, trimmed with white velvet; white hat, with silver buckles.

### Mrs. T. Sudern Tailor's costume—

Black, elaborately braided costume, with sable collar; hat trimmed with red velvet.

### Mrs. H. T. Burnett's costume—

Mauve broadcloth suit, with large Russian sable collar; bonnet trimmed with cerise velvet and feather plumes.

### Mrs. F. R. Bostwick's costume—

Black cloth suit, handsomely braided; black bonnet, with large cut-steel buckle.

### Mrs. Charles Tobias's costume—

Black braided suit, with silver trimmings on waist and Russian blouse of Persian lamb; black hat, trimmed with black jet.

### Mrs. A. C. Bostwick's costume—

Blue broadcloth, handsomely braided suit, with small sable cape; hat trimmed with blue velvet and feathers.

### Mrs. T. Cunningham's costume—

Blue cloth Venetian suit, heavily braided; hat trimmed with blue velvet and plumes.

### Mrs. R. S. McCreery's costume—

Blue cheviot suit, with lapped seams; velvet collar; blue hat, trimmed with silver buckles. A very horsey costume.

### Miss F. de Riva's costume—

Suit of black broadcloth, braided and trimmed with velvet; hat trimmed with jet.

### Mrs. J. Baudouine's costume—

Lavender cloth suit, trimmed with velvet; lavender hat, with cut-steel trimmings.

### Mrs. Frank Beard's costume—

Suit of gray cloth, with waist trimmed with white velvet; hat trimmed with large white feather.

### Mrs. Robert Cutting's costume—

Plum-colored cloth suit, trimmed with velvet; hat of plum-colored cloth, trimmed with velvet.

### Mrs. C. P. Huntington's costume—

Black braided cloth suit, with Persian lamb cape; black hat, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

### Miss Ethel Barrymore's costume—

Dark purple cloth suit, with lavender lapels; jet trimmed hat.

## To-day's Programme.

9 A. M.—Exercise in the ring.  
10 A. M.—Preliminary trial over the jumps of Corinthian class.  
11:15 A. M.—Judging thoroughbred stallions, thoroughbred mares and pony brood mares.  
11:40 A. M.—Judging pony stallions.  
12 M.—Judging hackney mares.  
12:25 P. M.—Judging yearling trotters.  
12:45 P. M.—Judging pacers.  
1 P. M.—Recess.  
2 P. M.—Judging pairs of points in harness.  
2:20 P. M.—Judging horses and runabouts.  
3 P. M.—Judging horses of the Street Cleaning Department.  
3:25 P. M.—Judging saddle horses.  
3:50 P. M.—Judging trotters with a record of 2:20 or better.  
4:20 P. M.—Judging four-in-hands.  
4:30 P. M.—Judging hackney stallions shown with four of their get.  
5:30 P. M.—Judging thoroughbred hunters.  
6 P. M.—Recess.  
6 P. M.—Parade of prize winners.  
8:15 P. M.—Judging ponies under saddle.  
8:30 P. M.—Judging pairs of carriage horses.  
9 P. M.—Judging gig horses for the Waldorf-Astoria challenge cup.  
9:30 P. M.—Judging hunters and jumpers in the Corinthian class.

### Must Have a New Thing.

Meanwhile the horse show—and the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden is the fons et origo of the American horse show—had fostered a new and particularly enterprising breed of horse dealers. It was not enough for them to handle the same varieties of horses that their brethren in London, Dublin and Paris had been showing and selling for many generations. Like the general run of Americans they had to have something new. The Atlanteans were slow alongside of New Yorkers.

To satisfy the demand came the high-stepping trotter. At first he was regarded as a freak. He was a freak. "Those old trotting stags," was the general term to designate the variety. The converted trotter was supposed to be a mere show

ring device to catch stray ribbons. There was no idea that the educated trotter could possibly be here to stay in the guise of the stepper or that he had a chance to rival and excel the then novelty and pet of the hour, the imported English hackney. It was the dealer that brought out the "new trotter," that developed him and gave Americans another chance to wonder at the producing qualities of their own land.

The dealer has had far more than his share of contumely in connection with our horse shows, but, sure as "eggs is eggs," the amateurs would still be pounding along behind imported hackneys or animals to which the highest arts of the stepper were unknown had it not been that the dealer stepped in and forced the trotter to the front in his new capacity.

There was one notable triumph for the professional dealer yesterday. It was a dealer and more complete triumph than the capture of many blue ribbons. It showed that a high-class dealer will sell the best horses he has and keep his others to show against them.

### Bostwick Beats Heavy Odds.

Young Albert C. Bostwick came from the ring flushed with victory when he had driven his four-in-hand to such satisfaction of the judges that he secured the blue ribbon in the park team class. Mr. Bostwick was showing against a lot that experts pronounced the best ever seen in Madison Square Garden. Charley Bates was "tooling" a noted four, Coxy, Brown Donna, Hi and High Tide, Reggie Rives, that most insouciant of gentlemen "dicks," was driving W. L. Elkins' four, "Wick" Carman, workmanlike, as usual, had his own four, Lady Sapphire, A Stranger in New York, Walsingham and Western Star, in front of him. Brooklyn was represented by Hamilton H. Salmon's Nightingale, Fleetlight, Noblemen and Knight. Boston was not left out, for young Mr. Jordan had his four on hand, while John Bratton had his best to uphold the name of Chicago, with his prize-winning Sampson and his mate,

## The Solar Spectrum Would Seem Dull Compared with This Riot of Color.

Miles, in the lead, and Sigabee and Shafter in the wheel. But the point has not been made apparent yet. Mr. Bostwick drove Lady Traula, Lady Flavin, Lord Chumley and Lord Chesterfield, a four that cost him the neat sum of \$10,000 when he took them from Bates's stable. It was a hard class for any amateur to drive first, though this not saying that he was equally delighted that his own four were placed behind Mr. Carman's.

### Blue Will Tell.

It was a great day for the new American harness horse, for not only are Mr. Bostwick's four all standard-bred trotters, but virtually every horse that gained any distinction is of the same blood. For example, there was a tandem class in the evening of the professional element. Aurel Batonyi secured the coveted blue ribbon after a long try out. He was driving, for George J. Gould, Lord Brilliant, as sparkling a leader as his name would seem to imply, and Narragansett, a stylish and beautifully mannered wheeler. Mr. Batonyi secured the blue ribbon for the first time in his career. Mr. Bostwick was second, while John Bratton's Sampson and Sigabee secured so much of the judges' attention in spite of their slight handicap that they were placed third and fourth. Donnelly, driving Mr. Lawson's Milady's Roy and Glorious, had to put up with the white.

### A Rare Thoroughbred.

To review at any length all the classes, even the harness classes alone, that the judges dispose of during a day, would "fill volumes." Thoroughbred stallions, suitable for getting hunters and saddle horses, were judged in the morning. It did not take Milton Young long to pick Frank Belmont's handsome five-year-old Applegate for the best of the bunch. The son of Belmont has grown into a rare specimen of thoroughbred and though some jokingly said that Othmar might have been placed first instead of second if he had been bred by Mr. Young himself, it was joke and nothing more.

Colonel Kip's full sisters, Water Maid and Water Queen, mounted their double harness in the afternoon. The Colonel has vindicated himself and the judges by replacing his former winners, such as Emileta and Mambino Belle, with these two young mares and showing once again that he has the eye to pick sure winners in roadster classes. Light bay, running to black points, alike in style, manners and action they have been in front of a four-year-old is not filled out like her six-year-old sister, they make the perfection of a team." American trotter for roadster purposes. E. T. Stotesbury was an easy second with his other mares, Anna Travillon and Fanchon, also bays, but of a darker shade that does not show to nearly the same advantage on the tanbark.

The hoped for improvement in the saddle horse classes has not yet come, though such change as has been made is decidedly for the better. Exhibitors have not yet recovered from the depressing effect of the judges who while in office during several seasons favored a heavy type that would have been more in place in front of a brood mare's dray and utterly ignored bloodlike horses. Lady of Quality, owned by Harvey S. Ladew, and admirably shown by Stunt Elliott, won in the afternoon, and the Durand Company's American Boy in the morning.

"Last winter I took sick with what the doctors called a gripple," writes Mrs. Sarah Parley, of Fairfax, Atchison Co., Mo. "Was sick for about four months and nothing that I took seemed to do me any good. My friends thought I had a consumption. I coughed up blood for a long while, and nearly gave up all hope of ever getting well. I heard of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and thought I would try it. I had not finished the first bottle when I began to get better. I have taken two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and one of the 'Favorite Prescription' and feel better than ever before in my life."

## First Read the NEWS—Then the "WANTS."

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